Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Prayer at Evening

—★—

THE SERVICE of the day is over and the hour come to rest. We resign into thy hands our sleeping bodies, our cold hearths and open doors. Give us to wake with smiles, give us to labor smiling. As the sun returns in the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 3
The Brown Mouse 5
Two Theories of War 6

THE PULPIT—
God's Poems.—Joseph Fort Newton 7

SELECTED—
Fiction About Germany 11
Practical Gratitude 11

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. XXVII. The Epistle to the Hebrews 10

POETRY—
Flowers of the Fallow.—*Lucy Larcom* 3
The Garment.—*Lyman Bryson* 9
The Return of August.—*Percy Mackaye* 15

THE HOME—
Soap the Oppressor.—*Burges Johnson* 11
The Blessed Bees 11
The Wood Voice.—*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay* 13

THE FIELD—
The War Situation 14
An International Peace Congress 14
Doctors to Further International Morality.—*Literary Digest* 15
The Return of August.—*Percy Mackaye* 15

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915. NUMBER 1.

FLOWERS OF THE FALLOW.

I like these plants that you call weeds,—
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow,—
That knit their roots and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the rugged hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired-out places;
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely airs and graces.

You plough the arbutus from her hills,
Hew down her mountain laurel;
Their place, as best she can, she fills
With humbler blossoms; so she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe, with pain,
Her free, primeval glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain:
You say, "How dull she grows! How plain!"
The old, mean, selfish story!

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see! She stands and laughs at you
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease
Among thy weeds and grasses.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The *Reform Advocate* announces that up to July 1st three thousand one hundred and sixty-seven Jewish soldiers have been decorated with the Iron Cross in the German army. Doubtless a relative number has deserved and probably received honorable commendation in the English, French and Russian armies. Are we to infer that the high claims of religious brotherhood, the splendid inheritance of faith and suffering are all subordinated to the narrowing passions and local patriotism represented by sectional flags and geographic outlines?

The *Universalist Leader,* in its report of the California Pilgrimage to the general convention of this body, caught a minister out in the real desert saying: "Did you ever see such a God forsaken country?" And then within a few hours the same minister was heard reading the service, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." What was the matter with the desert? Or, what is the matter with the Psalm? We refrain from comment because this minister represents a large portion of the world's piety.

A recent number of the *Congregationalist* shows the picture of an English pastor, the Rev. Percival Mackenzie, working at a lathe in the vestry of "Saint James Church," busily making ammunition. The correspondent evidently speaks approvingly of this man who is "bending his energy toward helping the cause of his country." We suspect this "Divine" must needs go beyond the limit of the Epistle of St. James to find Bible texts to justify the Gospel character of his work. But perhaps Dr. Mackenzie is a Higher Critic and thinks the Epistle of James should be brought down to date. Be that as it may, such news and such a picture set one thinking, do they not?

A Wisconsin paper heads one of its columns with "Peace Program at Clear Lake," and proceeds to give a commendatory account of this meeting. The next column says: "State Fair—Racing and Battle in the Sky," and proceeds to announce that every afternoon at 4:30 o'clock during the State Fair week in Milwaukee, two expert aviators with biplanes will present a battle in the sky before State Fair crowds, and it further announces that this feature will depict what happens "when aviators engaged in the great European War meet and duel to death." Fine program this for the Wisconsin State Fair to offer to the boys and girls of the State. And still we wonder why Europe is war mad, and rave over the barbaric intensity of the Germans.

The Jewish Rabbis with commendable missionary enterprise have been holding vacation services at the various summer resorts where the Jews do congregate. Charlevoix and Ottawa Beach in Michigan, Elkhart, Cedar and Brown lakes in Wisconsin have enjoyed such service. The officiating Rabbis have been recruited from Cincinnati, New York, Montgomery, Ala., Alexandria, La., Milwaukee, Wis., and other places. It is high time that those who believe that life is a responsibility and that the ethical and spiritual laws are operative in summer as in winter,

and when people are far away from home, do something to redeem the "Resorts," so called, from the scandal of selfishness, laxity, gluttony and flirtation.

One of the best accounts of the Eastland disaster in short meter we have seen is contributed by Graham Taylor in the *Survey* for August 7th. Mr. Taylor's verdict ought to be made organic in more rigid laws and still more rigid administration of existing laws. He says:

> How can safety be made the first consideration with ship owners and managers?
>
> By making safety the owner's self-interest from a financial point of view. He should be made to resume personally a large part of the risk by being deprived of any opportunity to over-insure or completely insure his vessel. Our laws reduce the insurance of ships and cargoes to a simple gambling proposition, in which one may take out an insurance policy on a vessel in which one has no insurable interest. And moreover, our laws limit or abolish the ship owner's liability to the passenger. Self-interest therefore puts a premium on taking the risks rather than upon providing for safety.
>
> What should be the outcome of this investigation?
>
> Not merely to fix the blame for this disaster, or to punish some poor devil, as in the case of the burning of the General Slocum in New York harbor, but to get out of it a reasonable degree of safety by the reorganization of the federal inspection service.

Scott, Foresman & Company announce a new edition of "Roberts' Rules of Order," which has more lives than a cat. This edition is "Revised" and contains "twice as much material as the last previous edition." "Tell it not in Gath, speak it not in Askalon." It is hard enough to get anything accomplished in council, legislature or congress now because of Roberts' Rules of Order. When they are doubled in number all hope of deliberative bodies profiting by their deliberation is gone. More alarming than this is the additional announcement in the note of the *Dial* before us that Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. have published "Shattuck's Parliamentary Answers," and announce that it is "alphabetically arranged for all questions likely to arise in woman's organizations!" May Heaven have mercy upon the sisters. They, too, are being bound hand and foot by the invisible fetters of Parliamentary ropes. Perhaps this world needs the man or woman who is always rising "to a point of order," but heaven is alluring as a place where that man or woman is never allowed to arrive.

The *Outlook* has been asking prominent party representatives what is most to be desired from the Constitutional Convention in New York. The Progressive wants a Short Ballot, making the office of governor and lieutenant-governor alone elective, giving them large appointive power concerning the administrative cabinet. He only wants a sufficient literacy test to enable the voter to use the ballot without symbols or numbers. The Socialist wants "the greatest possible freedom to the people of this and succeeding generations." Thinks "equal adult suffrage should be embodied in the new constitution." He thinks it would be a calamity of the first magnitude if the new constitution should "exclude women from the franchise." The Democrat wants a Short Ballot, thinks there are "too many departments and too little localized responsibility." He would like to extend the governor's term of office from two to four years. The Republican wants more local freedom for municipalities, and would apparently put more initiative into the Legislature, perhaps less authority to the governor. But these men are not the "political bosses" but scholars and statesmen. Among them there is an interesting unanimity. Perhaps they would both join in saying that the chief work of the convention should be to eliminate the "boss" and break down the power of "party rule." In other words, make independency easy and partisanship hard, if not disgraceful.

A telegram sent to President Woodrow Wilson by Cora Mel Patten, who has been promoting peace pageants in different cities throughout the West anent the nervousness of certain Iowa veterans of the G. A. R. concerning the White Bordered Banner, brought forth the following response: "There is no federal law prohibiting use of United States flag changed to suit individual persons. Some states have passed laws prohibiting such use." Iowa has no such law, therefore the addition of a White Border to the American flag is not desecration. The time has not come yet to tell the story of the White Bordered Banner. It was recommended many years ago as a suitable symbol of international Patriotism for any nation, the suggestion being that the national flag of any country be bordered with white as a symbol of international amity. On Easter Day, 1905, the White Bordered Banner was raised by the school children of All Souls Church, Chicago, over the Abraham Lincoln Centre as one of its dedicatory exercises. Since then it has floated over the building and been displayed on its platform on all suitable occasions. Several public schools in Chicago have been exploiting it. It has been displayed at various peace congresses and meetings in different parts of the country. It was conspicuously displayed over the platform of the recent peace meeting held in Philadelphia over which ex-President Taft presided, and which resulted in the organization of the "League to Enforce Peace," of which he is permanent president. If there is any legal or ethical danger to result from a groping for this cultivation of international patriotism, UNITY will be glad to consider it and will rejoice in the working out of the proposition to the clear.

It is not the part of wisdom to allow the European war cloud to darken the civic and political horizon of

our own country. Were it not for the cruel preoccupation of heart and mind this would be an eventful year in United States politics. The Constitutional Convention of New York, now in session, the pending vote for woman's suffrage in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the temperance issue staving to the front on every side, to say nothing of the presidential agitations already a disturbing anxiety, ought to summon to the front the bravest and best in American life. Here is a mobilization of forces far more important than the recruiting of European armies. Here is a battle ground where are issues far more penetrating and far reaching than any that can be settled by powder and ball. In the interest of clearness and of the concentration of forces which is the tactical condition of success, UNITY reiterates its oft asserted claim that there are only four or five primal civic and political issues today before the American people, and it behooves every loyal citizen to brush aside all secondary interests and face these primal questions. There are many reasons why the woman question should be in the forefront. Democracy cannot proceed much farther until justice is done to the woman side of the state. It is not a case of abstract justice—though justice is never abstract—but it is a case of dire necessity. The masculine civic force has proven itself incompetent to rectify the mountainous abuses in the state and nation, to clarify municipal and national affairs. It is time to bring up the reserve forces. When these are fairly marshalled, then the other prime questions concerning race, and labor adjustment and the temperance and peace problems will be in the way of more rapid solution.

"The Brown Mouse"

The above is the title of a pedagogical novel by Herbert Quick, the author of "The Good Ship Earth," the advance sheets of which lie before us. The emphasis, by design, is to be placed on the word pedagogical rather than the word novel. Obviously this skilful prophet of the farm, editor of one of the most widely circulated farm journals published in this country, used the story form as a device to push his message beyond the reach of the essayist, lecturer or professor. Evidently Mr. Quick has "been there," and he is sensitive to the dreary stupidity, the tragic inadequacy, the wicked waste of opportunity that have overtaken the rural schools of the United States. Time was, when some of us were young, half a century ago or more, when the "Log School-House" and its immediate successor, the "Little Red School House" on the corner, were real schools for citizenship. Boys and girls girded themselves there for the battles and triumphs that made a young nation grow strong. This indisputable fact is now confronted by a fact none the less indisputable, that the country schools have lost their power to inspire. The country school teacher, still commendable in spirit and aspiration, has lost her leadership, and while pedagogical methods have greatly advanced in the urban schools, the dreary little group of children found in the school house on the corner are still floundering through the monotony of the old "three R's" in the old way. In this book of "The Brown Mouse" this man of the people has thrown into simple terms the commonplaces of the trained pedagogue and seasons the whole with a few attractive character studies and a palatable piece of lovemaking.

There is nothing startling in this book. The writer has simply put in readable fashion the wisdom of Horace Mann, Colonel Parker and John Dewy; these men, in turn, borrowing much of the science and art they started with from their masters, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Goethe and Plato. It would be amusing, were it not so pathetic, to think how the pedagogical opportunity of the country school yard and the roads and paths that lead thereto are being neglected.

Agriculture is a heavy four-syllabled word which suggests college studies and training, while the facts of the barnyard, the garden, the field and the orchard, present the easiest material available for the training of the child. This book is a plea for the training of the mind by means of the activities that belong to the country home, the life that environs the child. School gardens, milk testing, seed selecting, the study of weeds, of calves, and pigs, corn raising, chicken feeding, pigeon breeding and berry picking are all available material for the pedagogue of the rural school.

With this recognition will come the larger school unit, town schools, the teacher's manse, a secular parsonage, the social center, the country park, baseball grounds and swimming pools and all that belong thereto.

The title of the book is far fetched and the problem of heredity might as well be left out. Jim Irwin is no freak and calls for no subtle justification. He is almost as commonplace as Jennie Woodruff the woman county superintendent, and the school board mixture of Hoosier, Irish and Scandinavian. Jim simply discovered and put in practice the truism of today that "culture is the ability to think in terms of life."

We hope that when this book gets into its working clothes that it will be kept very busy in disturbing the routine of school committees and prodding the consciences of school teachers. If the love story in it can float it into the hands of the country parents, the country school committees and the country teachers, numbered by the million in the United States,

it will be a splendid vindication of the novel. We congratulate Mr. Quick over the fact that he has dared to attempt this book, and we hope that the book sellers' report will justify it abundantly. Wait for it and when it is on the market get it. Tell your librarian to secure it. Read it, lend it, and give it away.

Two Theories of the War

A Letter and the Answer.

The following correspondence concerning the fundamental issues of the war and the profound convictions which separate people and doubtless divide UNITY readers, is lifted above personalities or matters of individual interest, so we give it editorial space making answer to one very much respected subscriber, an answer to doubtless many others who fain would make a similar protest:

A Discontinuance.

My Dear Mr. Jones:

If I could only make you understand that the word "peace" depends upon crushing the military ruthlessness of Germany, I am sure you would cease crying "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace. Nor would you denounce the American Government for permitting the exportation of war munitions to the Allies.

German militarism is the Mad Dog of the world, nor can the United States escape, if this undemocratic and brutal force is not completely wiped out. Only Germany was prepared for war, which in itself is surely sufficient evidence as to who is the aggressor. What the world would be like under German dictation is evidenced by the present brutality of the German nation.

I am as thoroughly American as ever I was—as anyone is—but I am disgusted with the lack of understanding among those who can remain neutral in view of the circumstances. The perfidy, the brutality and the callous disregard by the Germans of all those things which civilized men had for so long worked and prayed for, makes any effort to weaken the cause of the Allies—who are fighting the most righteous battle in which man has ever engaged—antagonistic to real world peace.

I am so disappointed to see UNITY advocating that pacific means be taken in handling this Mad Dog—and even denouncing the United States for permitting the sending of "clubs" to beat off the Beast from the throat of Humanity—that I cannot refrain from writing to ask you to discontinue sending it to me. If there is any arrears for subscription, please send me the account. I cannot doubt but that you are expressing your honest opinions—it is only the opinion to which I take exception; you, yourself, will always be an inspiration to me. I never shall forget the great spiritual debt that I owe to you, but UNITY, in its mischievous advocacy of neutrality as between right and wrong, I cannot permit to come between us.

Sincerely yours,

———.

The Answer.

Dear Friend:

Let me assure you that I am very sorry to have to give pain to a long time friend for whom I have had such admiration and with whom I have enjoyed a fellowship so dear to me. Your poetic enclosures are only additional evidence that you are a good deal of a poet in your own right; and that you are actuated by the highest motives and are in quest of the diviner things, I have no doubt. I am writing you out of my affection for you and yours without hope either of reconciling you to UNITY'S *position,* or even of your understanding my attitude in the matter. We start from such remote points of view.

The whole business of war is to my mind an accursed survival of primitive, brutal instincts that reach far down the biological tree into the sub-human realms where the horn and the fang and the claw dominate the destinies of life. The evils of war can never be remedied by more war. A greater calamity would befall Germany in a victory than can ever overtake it in defeat, and England and the Allied forces have nothing so much to fear as the triumph of its forces resulting in the crushing of even Germany's power. My pen fails me, as does yours, in denouncing or depicting the atrocities perpetrated under the German flag. But they are to be ascribed to the atrocities of war, the logical outcome of violence, and they belong no more to the Germany of Goethe and Lessing, of Luther and Emanuel Kent, than they do to the cousin nation of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Browning. I dare not allow myself to hate geographically or denounce by race or by nations. History proves to me the common brotherhood in crime as well as in virtue.

You say only Germany was prepared for war. This is to my mind a pitiful surrender to the accursed fallacy of militarism which Wallace was quite right, to my mind, in characterizing as "the greatest fallacy of the nineteenth century." What you must mean is that England, no more than the United States, or France, or Russia was as prepared for war as Germany, though all these "Powers," our own included, have been assiduously building battleships that now seem of little avail in any open conflict. A fifteen-thousand-dollar torpedo appears to be more telling than a fifteen-million super-dreadnaught. This awful reaping of the whirlwind is the result of centuries of sowing the wind. The vicious philosophy of an essential antagonism of interests, a natural enmity between nations, sharpened by the competitive methods of modern trade, made effective by the discoveries of science, lie back of militancy. England's tantalizing chant, centuries old, "Britannia rules the waves," and the less efficient clamor of the United States for the Monroe Doctrine when rendered in terms of militancy, have had their part in promoting hatred between nations, which, alas, has been heartily reciprocated by all the arrogant governments who aspired to be a World "Power" spelled with a capital "P."

So, dear friend, you see how impossible it is for me to join the ranks of the haters, or to become a partisan in this world disgrace, towards which we have all contributed, our own boasted democracy—may Heaven forgive us—being no exception to the bitter rule.

You want me to rejoice in the ability of the United States to furnish "clubs to beat off the Mad Dog." If it were taking sides for conscience sake, or for humanity's sake, I would then find much ground for approval, perhaps for co-operation; but there is no pretence of this kind on the part of any manufacturing interest that has been heard from. It is pure, cold, diabolical commercialism that is refurnishing our machine shops, putting aside the machinery designed for the peaceful promotion of life, to make room for the machinery that will multiply the instruments of destruction which confessedly are to be sold to the highest bidder. If Germany and its allies could find our market confessedly they would find our mills ready to furnish them muskets, balls, shrapnel and cannon *ad libitum,* and our farmers would sell their horses and mules, and food supplies just as readily as now they are catering to the welcome "trade" with the powers who still can keep an open way on the high sea.

Dear friend from over the seas, I grieve to part company with you. I am touched by what you say of the service of UNITY to you. I am humiliated by this evidence of how poorly I have been able to preach the gospel of toleration and the fraternity that reaches above the line where dwell those with whom we do not agree. Fellowship is sweet among those of kindred minds, but fellowship is divine when it unites those of antagonistic creeds and differing in convictions.

At the risk of further offence I have allowed the later issues of UNITY to come to you after receiving your letter, because I hoped that you would be helped to understand my position more clearly than your letter indicates. But this correspondence which your ability and sincerity has lifted out of a private correspondence into at least UNITY'S *confidences,* I am venturing to print, of course suppressing your name. With this issue I am ordering that your name be stricken from our roll. I would not needlessly hurt you, but though I may have sacrificed your fellowship I cannot allow you to limit mine, which will always include you in my list of friends to whom I am grateful for a sweet fellowship and much cheer. This quatrain which occupies the first page in Markham's last book voices my feeling and surveys the fellowship of UNITYS

He drew a circle which shut us out,
He called us enemy, man to flout.
We, through love had the wit to win,
We drew a circle which shut him in.

Very fraternally yours,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Tower Hill, Wis., August 22, 1915.

THE PULPIT

God's Poems

Morning Sermon at the Liberal Christian Church, Sunday, June 27, 1915, by Joseph Fort Newton.

"We are his poem." Eph., ii:10.

The Bible is a great book of the out of doors. It has in it the arch of the sky, the curve of the earth, the depth and murmur of the sea, sunrise and sunset, the peaks of mountains and the glint of flowing waters, storm and calm, the song of birds, the color and fragrance of flowers, and all the sweet breadth of the sunny air. And yet it never uses the word Nature, and never once thinks of the creation as something separate and apart from the Creator. The God of the Bible is not a God who lives in the gaps of the cosmic order, but the maker and hope of all things, revealed in his works, yet never for a moment identified with them—Him whom they manifest but cannot contain.

Our modern worship of Nature, of which Wordsworth was so noble a priest, hardly strikes the old Bible note. Coleridge, in his "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," is nearer the music of the Bible—it is, indeed, a kind of commentary on the earlier stanzas of the nineteenth Psalm. No doubt the writers of the Bible had crude ideas about the masses and motions of the heavenly bodies of which they sang, but they looked up at the same sky which overhangs our heads. The same sun shone down upon their daily labor, the same stars kept watch over their nightly rest. And because they were prophets and poets, they read in them a meaning and message which our astronomy, with its longer lenses, often fails to find.

To the writers of the Bible, "the brave o'erhanging firmament" was radiant with the signatures of God. to them "this majestical roof fretted with golden fire" was the vault of the temple of the Most High—a temple full of worship, where light and shadow were forever telling of the glory and mystery of God, and life and death were singing His praise. To other men this mighty shrine may seem empty and silent, for "there is no speech nor language, their voice cannot be heard." But to the poets of the Bible whose starry silences became eloquent, and as they listened they heard harmonious voices chanting unutterable things. And they were wont to pass quickly, almost abruptly, from the beauty of the earth and sky to the more awful beauty of the moral law within the soul, and to the duty of man which proceeds from the essential character of God.

For, if Nature is a temple, its holy of holies is the Heart of Man, where is inscribed the Living Law of the Eternal. The two great characters of the Bible are God and the Soul, and their eternal life together, in its depth, its richness, its revealing wonder, makes the romance of the Book of Books. With what glowing imagery the Bible seeks to make vivid the vital intimacy of that ineffable fellowship which is the secret of life, as it is the soul of religion. Now God is the Vine and we the branches; now He is the Potter and we the clay in His hand. How beautiful, too, is the picture of God as the Builder, "whose temple ye are." More intimate still is the image of

God as a Writer, and we His "living letters known and read of all men." But no similitude of the fellowship of God and the soul is more striking, more hauntingly suggestive, than that which tells us that God is a Master Poet, and that "we are His poem." For poetry is the loftiest form of speech, the most vivid and revealing, testing the limits of language, its laws and cadences.

There is no need that we pause to define poetry, as so many have tried to do and failed. It is enough to keep in mind that a poem, whether it be written in stones, or tones, or words, is a form of personal self-expression—a mood, a thought, a passion, a hope or dream leaping hot out of the heart of the poet, and soaring aloft like a skylark. Such an insight, or image, throws light equally upon our humanity and upon the genius of its author. Poetry is of many kinds, lyric, tragic, epic, but one fact underlies its various forms; it is always personal. Take any poem, and it will tell you the innermost faith and hope and vision of its writer, the temper of his spirit and the quality of his genius. If, then, humanity is a divine poem in the writing, we must find in the troubled, tragic, pathetic life of man the highest disclosure of God. Sunsets are sacraments, but the heart of a little child tells us more of God than the splendor of the western sky.

What a reading of our restless, aspiring human life! How true it is to the deep heart of the Bible, which sings in so many keys and tones of the religious life as an intimate personal fellowship with God. Alas! we miss this tender, revealing music in the religion of today, when men are trying to worship a Principle, an Ideal, and science has woven a web of laws and forces with which to hide the face of God. There are those who talk glibly of "the constructive principles of the universe," and the like, as if a principle ever constructed anything, even a sewing machine. Much is said about the laws of Nature, as if a law were anything apart from a Lawgiver; as if what we call laws were anything more than the habits of a Mind that initiates, impels and controls all things. Men hesitate to use the word Person with respect to God, thinking that it means limitation. Of course any name is inadequate for "the Nameless One of an hundred names," but He who made us what we are cannot be less than we are. And since personality is the highest achievement of man, it is also the highest revelation of God.

As the result of all this emphasis upon the impersonal, our religion has lost its glow, its color, its joyous and redeeming melody; its poetry has become prose —and sometimes mere doggerel. What we need is to put our souls to school to the wise old Bible, if so that we may recapture its directness of vision, its profound and healing mysticism, its sense of the soul as the eternal world; in short, its poetry of faith. For religion is life illumined by that subtle light and fire and inward splendor which, at times, shines through the world and touches our minds with ineffable beauty; a harmony in the soul amid the conflicts of sense and time; a sense of the eternal rhythm which makes the life of a good man a poem, as Milton said the life of a poet should be. It finds its highest form in Christianity, which is the religion of a Person, whose spirit is love, whose salvation is a friendship. It is poetry believed in, poetry become the guide of life, aye, poetry revealed as the essence of the human life of God, who by His grace and mercy would evoke in each of us a new authentic strain of His old, immortal song.

Also, we must remember that it is the mark of every true poem that, while its author seems to say one thing, he intends to say, and to the intelligent, reader does say, something else, something quite other and deeper. He teaches by indirection, using parables, symbols, metaphors—which are only parables in the small—the better to say what a crude literalism can never utter. For example:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning on the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For, though from out this bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Suppose we should read that lyric of the life everlasting literally, what would it mean? Nothing but the musings of a sentimental sailor who had been annoyed by weeping farewells, and who wished to be left alone; nothing else—albeit set to stately music and clothed with a rich vestiture of language. Of the real meaning of the poet such a reading would not get the slightest idea. Indeed, this prosaic interpretation fits the poem from end to end, save that we might wonder why the sailor hoped to meet his pilot after he had crossed the bar and not before. The poet said one thing, but he had in mind not the sailing of a ship at twilight, but the solemn mystery of death in which the soul sets sail on a dark and shadowy sea; and as he thought of death, there arose in his memory the murmur of the mighty sea as he had heard it on the Lincolnshire coast as a boy.

Here is also a key to our interpretation of the divine poetry of life. If we take it literally, it often seems prosaic enough, if not sordid; but that is to miss its meaning, as a literalist would miss the deep, far-echoing meaning of Crossing the Bar. Now a cynic is a man who reads the poetry of God literally, just as if one should read the Parable of the Sower as so much advice to farmers about not wasting their seed on trodden paths, brier patches and stony places. Of course the parable says all that very plainly, but to those who have ears to hear it says, and was intended to say, something infinitely higher and deeper. It even helps us to understand the cynic himself, upon whose stony minds the seeds of a sweeter truth fall in vain. Just so must we read life, not in bare literalness, else such if not all of its poetry will vanish, but as a symbol, a parable, a prophecy. What the cynic says is all true, but it is not the whole truth of that poem which is being published, canto by canto, as the divine life unfolds itself in the life of humanity.

In the seventy-third Psalm, just read, the singer tells us how and why he was tempted to take a low,

cynical view of life. He had seen the prosperity of the wicked, and it baffled him. It is the old story. He saw men whom he knew to be bad, living in luxury, and men whom he knew to be good and true, suffering oppression. Their eyes stood out with fatness, they had more than heart could wish, while the righteous were in rags. As he thought about it, his heart grew bitter, his faith faltered, and his head ached. He was almost ready to say that he had lived uprightly in vain and to no avail. Indeed, he almost said it, but not quite—and then he went into a sanctuary. There he saw men and women and little children bowing in the presence of the Unseen, lifting up hearts in prayer, and he was made to feel, as any man must feel who thinks of it that so long as humanity bows in prayer, it is not wholly base, and that the heart of man is not utterly given over to pride and lust and greed. He was ashamed at having thought such evil thoughts, and cried out, "O, Lord, I was a beast before Thee."

Unfortunately, not every one is held back from slipping into a low, vulgar, cynical view of life as the Psalmist was. Cynics there are a plenty, and after hearing one of them talk one feels that it is a less heinous thing to fall from an ideal under the stress of some passion than not to be able to fall because you are already at the bottom. Such a man betrays himself in a few moments. Let him speak of any high and sacred thing, and one can tell from the tone of his voice, from his attitude of mind, whether he has kept alive the white bird in his bosom. If not, there is a sneer in his words, implicit or expressed, and you are made to feel that there is no such thing as goodness in the world. Not a man of us—nor a woman—but is in danger of falling into that miry pit. Imperceptibly, unless we keep our hearts attuned to a high idealism, we slip into a low way of thinking about life—and, ultimately into a low way of living.

Chesterton is never more serious than when he seems to be most funny, as when he said that if he were looking for rooms in a boarding house the first question he would like to ask the landlady would be, not as to her terms, but what is her total view of the universe. Of course, if he asked such a question, she would shut the door in his face, not wishing to have a lunatic in her house. None the less, as he said truly, if he knew she was right in her view of life, everything else would be right. Then the heat would be right, and the gas, and the food. But if her philosophy were wrong, if she held that life is a thing she could dodge or manage, he could not be sure that anything would be right. After that manner he taught the old truth that it is the inner altitude and habit of thought which determines the worth of our years. Life brings many misfortunes, and its poetry is often hard to translate, but the last and worst calamity is to let go of faith and adopt an attitude of laughing cynicism in such a world as this.

At times the story of our race, saturated with blood and blistered with tears, reads like a long-drawn tragedy, an inharmonious jargon, destitute of all rational right to be. Willingly or unwillingly, men of every moral quality are led on or dragged to horrible destinies. Yet we do not see the end, and have no right to judge the poem of the life of humanity by the few lines that we can decipher here and there. The mighty poem of Dante was called the Divine Comedy, not because it is funny, but because it ends well—rising from the depths of Inferno to the Paradise of a redeemed and glorified humanity. Even so, let us hold the high faith, not easily held amid the shadows of time, that the mightier Poet whose song is slowly unfolding in "the still sad music of humanity" will win a triumphant strain from the sorrow and tragedy of human life, and that at last, as in the beginning, the morning stars will sing together the jubilee of the world.

Just so with our own lives; the poem of our days has thus far been legible only in a blotted text, black-lettered and full of errors; but the end is not yet. If death be the end of all, life may indeed be read as a poem of heart-breaking tragedy, but no one has a right to read it so. Wait till the final stanzas are added. Sin can lose its stain, and moral pollution can give place to heavenly purity. Even now, amid the darkness of this earth, apocalyptic visions of the coming City of God are cast upon the curtain that veils the future. He whose poem we are knows His art, and though our lives are torn and imperfect, we each may make the eiptaph of Franklin his own:

"Franklin, Printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for worms; but the work shall not be wholly lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and perfect edition, corrected and amended, by the Author."

THE GARMENT

'Tis I who ask forgiveness, I, who bought
The garment when I did not know
That its maker hungered as he wrought,
And patterned it with sweat marks in a row,
And fought
The little mists of red, that come and go.

Little Mists of red in blistered eyes,
That never close for rest or sleep
Save when despair its heavy menace lies,
And palsies of exhaustion onward creep,
And dies
The haggard will, that this last watch would keep.

No bitter word of mine, no burning deed,
Had ever helped him face this woe.
I had been all oblivious to his need.
I had not seen his weary hands move slow,
And bleed
With needle stabs, as they sagged to and fro.

And still I wore as decent, Sunday best,
My brother's handiwork of pain;
While his wan soul a stranger was to rest,
And his heart's blood a futile sop for gain.
Confessed—
My late repentance shall not be in vain.

Poetry Journal. —*Lyman Bryson.*

It is the fashion in some places to exalt the heart and belittle the intellect. But how can one act rightly without intelligence? Does not morality imply a good memory? And can there be a real sympathy without imagination?

It must be seen, then, that a high degree of moral or ethical quality depends on the strength and culture of the intellect. JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVII.
The Epistle to the Hebrews

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen." Hebrews xi:1.

However interesting the material in the book of Hebrews is, in and of itself, and it contains rare passages, the story of the book, the problems as to its rise, date and authorship are quite as interesting.

To the early Unitarians this book was a hard problem, and perhaps just as annoying to the Trinitarians, because it represents the growth of thought that lies between the simple humanity of the earlier Gospels and the full grown Trinitarianism of the church which came into shape a hundred and fifty or two hundred years after this book was written. In this is seen the Christ idea growing out of the plain and simple humanities into the thought of a sacrificial mediator between God and man, a sublime and adequate priest of the Most High interceding for sinful man. He becomes a means of salvation, a bridge over which thousands pass into felicity. Not at this time, but very soon after, develops the thought that those who failed to find this bridge, over which they might pass into felicity, drop down into the dark regions of endless woe.

The book of Hebrews, written in elegant Greek, is said by some to be the most polished, cultured literary book in the New Testament Canon, clearly the most systematic and logically worked out unit contained therein. If, starting with a theme and carrying it step by step to a finished conclusion, means logic, you have it here. Looking at it from the within, it is written by one who knew his Old Testament very well. He was a Jew versed in the lore and thought of his people, at the same time a Jew very much Hellenized. A modern version shows the quotations from the Old Testament printed in different type. They will always be found taken from the Septuagint and not from the Hebrew version, indicating that the writer knew his Bible in the Greek translation rather than in the original Hebrew, from which he never quoted.

What led the accomplished author to write this essay is indicated in the condition of the early movement. The first enthusiasm of the Pauline movement, that zeal of men in the ecstasy of expectation for the coming of the Christ, was disappearing. Paul, who had expected to live to see the return, had been dead perhaps sixty years. The end of the first century was at hand, and yet no revelation had come from the skies, no rebuke to the wicked, no overthrow of Satanic power. It was becoming a rather sober business for the Jewish element in the movement. They might reason that after all the Nazarene had not added much to their well formulated liturgy, to the ceremonials of the Temple, or the Synagogue. There was a disposition to slip back into the Jewish attitude; not a going back on the new movement, but giving up the thought that it was a new movement. In our last year's study we found the Apochryphal literature, the books of Enoch, Jubilees and Assumption of Moses full to overflowing with angels. Something of all this was in the mind of the writer of this great and learned book, written from the standpoint of the Jew, to prove that Christ was superior to the angels, with a message greater than that of Moses. He contrasted the message with the Levitical rules and regulations and established it as something infinitely bigger than Aaron and the Aaronic priesthood and finally found analogy, a high interpretation of the Messiah, in the order of the priesthood of Melchizedek.

Melchizedek appears only twice in the Old Testament, but both times in a very suggestive way. When Abraham moved west and arrived at the present site of Jerusalem, "Salem," "the place of peace," a priest of the Most High went out to greet him, Melchizedek, who was not of Jewish origin, not of priestly descent, but who recognized Abraham. Again he is spoken of in the Psalms as a Prince of the Most High, without beginning, i. e., without origin, a man without ancestry but representing a divine mission. That figure lent itself to this author as the conception of priest fulfilled in the Christ,—"of the order of Melchizedek," not by virtue of his Jewish descent, not because he belonged to a cult or a race, but because he was a universal priest of religion; a figure that suggests to all who believe in universal religion a possible priesthood that shall be beyond creeds and race, beyond descent and ceremonies, beyond church canons or ordinances, in which a man may be a priest of the Eternal, speaking a universal message of love and life.

The writer quietly continues his argument, step by step, as rounds in a ladder, culminating at the end of ten chapters in the magnificent speech, admired for its eloquence by students of oratory, and as a great contribution to faith, a definition of faith, from a literary standpoint perhaps the best in the book, beginning with the words of our text.

This is a stately address, a learned appeal based on history. The closing chapters give much good advice, but the heart of the Gospel is contained in the eleventh and twelfth chapters. This book has generally been assigned to Paul, but we may say with Origen, "Who indeed wrote the Epistle God only knows." But there are some interesting guesses.

Whoever the writer was, he knew Paul's writings. The books now place the date of this Epistle between 64 and 95 A. D., probably after Jerusalem had fallen and the Temple had been desecrated by Titus. It was written by someone who not only knew Paul, but who had the Pauline attitude. He was no sectarian. He was a universalist, although he leads souls into universalism through a theological door. Many writers guessed the author to be Barnabas because he was a Greek-Jew. Luther, with more reason, guessed Apollos, the Alexandrian Jew who knew his Philo, and was given to this theological tendency. He had caught the doctrine not of the "Man of Nazareth," but of the "Messiah." He it was who was accused in the book of Acts of dividing the Church. "One saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos." Harnack has made a still more interesting guess

to which he seems half persuaded. He says the most likely person to have written this was Priscilla.

The early manuscripts had no hint of Paul. Paul's name was not attached until the priests begun to feel the need of an author.

We have here a great classic, a charming gem in the literature of Christianity at the close of the first century, benignant with zeal and beautiful in fervor and eloquent to a high degree. We love it much, but if used as the final word in philosophy and theology, it is difficult to accept.

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(1) What place does the book of Hebrews occupy as to literary merit?

(2) What do we guess as to its author's antecedents?

(3) What was the situation religiously of Christianity when this book was written?

(4) Who was Melchizedek and why referred to?

Fiction About Germany

While a great many books have been written about Germany in the fields of history, travel and description, there are comparatively few which give anything like an adequate picture of the country and its people in fiction form. Perhaps the two novels which may be said to describe German life the most accurately are Gustav Frenssen's *Klaus Hinrich Baas,* published in a translation by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read, and Herman Hagedorn's *Faces in the Dawn.* It has even been said that in the Frenssen story, which tells of the business career of a young German man and his relation to the different social and economic problems of the day, there are summed up the reasons for Germany's past and present actions. Mr. Hagedorn's volume pictures life in a little German village of the present day and shows the effect of the introduction there of American ideals and manners.

Those who confine their reading largely to fiction may get an insight into the real German character through these two works, a thing which it is sometimes difficult to attain from a study of the ponderous and frequently uninteresting treatises on the subject.

Practical Gratitude

Mr. Editor:—I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for their cooperation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Saturday. To my friends and all who contributed toward making the last minutes comfortable and the funeral a success I desire to remember most kindly, hoping that these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milk cow and a roan gelding horse eight years old, which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm. Also black and white shoat cheap. *Mrs. R. C.*

Lapeer County (Mich.) Clarion.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

SOAP, THE OPPRESSOR

The folks at my house half the time are thinkin' about dirt;
It sort of gives 'em horrors, an' they act as if it hurt.
The sight of just a little makes 'em as daffy as can be—
They're always washin' somethin', and half the time it's me.

It ain't because I wet my feet that gives me colds an' such;
'Tain't runnin' round that keeps me thin—it's 'cause I'm washed so much.
It does no good to tell 'em, they're so stubborn. But I hope
That some day they'll discover what deceitful stuff is soap.

I tell you, very often when my hands are clean and white
I've got to go and wash 'em, 'cause it did no good to fight;
When I've stuck 'em in the basin it was plain enough to see
The soap would make the water as dirty as could be.

If folks would give me half a chance, with soap that didn't cheat,
I guess they'd be surprised to find I'm nachurally neat.
I'd take on flesh and leave off havin' colds an' such, I know—
An' no one could complain about the parts of me that show.

—*Burges Johnson.*

The Blessed Bees

"The larks and finches twitter all around,
And o'er the fountain swings the golden bees."
—*Theocritus.*

"Aunt Jane, do please come out to the apiary and sit under the dwarf pear tree while you tell us about bees," pleaded the children one beautiful spring afternoon.

"Shall I begin with an anecdote?" she questioned, as she reached the selected tree where the children had already arranged a seat for her, while they ranged themselves on the grass around her.

"By all means," said Howard, "for an anecdote is really a little story."

"And we dote on stories," said Madge.

"Some German gentlemen who were unknown to each other were once riding in a coach. One of them proposed to tell the vocation of the rest if they would write, without hesitation, an answer to the question: 'What destroys its own offspring?' One wrote, Vital force. 'You,' said the questioner, 'are a biologist.' Another wrote, War. 'You are a soldier.' The publicist revealed himself by writing Revolution, and the farmer, Bees."

"Do bees really kill each other?" queried Madge. "Why, I thought they had no bad traits except stinging."

"Although the character of the bee is so nearly above reproach, the farmer's answer was a true one. And notwithstanding the high repute of bees as examples of thrift, foresight and economy, it must be confessed that they are also arrant little burglars. The knight of the gold and brown armor, going forth to gather with such laborious diligence his golden treasures, seems almost a miraculous creature engaged at a self-imposed, herculean task of turning twenty-five pounds of honey into one comb. He is crafty, systematic and ambitious to be rich; so, with no thought but that of plunder, he rifles the buckwheat patches, levies on the blossoming trees, and seizes the coveted wealth of the clover fields. He has

been seen to visit twenty flowers in a single moment. If he finds one nectary dry, he seeks another without delay. Unconsciously, indeed, he is doing the flowers a great service, but little he knows or cares as he climbs from the lower blossoms which open first on a bunch, to those above, which have opened later, that he is leaving pollen on the female flowers and receiving pollen from the upper male flowers to carry off. This helpful act is no concern of the sweet-toothed robber, whose long, hairy tongue is busy filling the honey bag with richest nectar. Yet, curiously enough, upon each journey he is careful to visit only one kind of flower."

"If he should forget, what curious mixed up flowers we should have, to be sure," criew Howard. "My! but isn't Botany interesting!"

"Not half so much as natural history," John responded. "It's the bee, not the flower, we are talking about."

"It's the relation of the two, the insect and the flower, I think, that is so curious," said Alice.

"No doubt," Aunt Jane continued, "the reputation of the bee stands high because his amber stores are so useful to man. Think of what honey must have been to the world before sugar was invented!

"As bees were most useful to man, the study of them began at an early day. It is interesting to contrast the knowledge of the wisest of bee-lovers of the olden time with the results of modern discoveries regarding bees."

"What did the ancients say about them, Auntie?" asked Edith.

"Aristotle, a wise philosopher, was much perplexed about their production. He concluded that one queen was the king and leader, yet he could not understand why the workers, who are women, should carry the sting as a weapon; it was unwomanly, very! Yet they *must* be the mothers, for whoever saw fathers labor so for their children? He says it is difficult to know how bees perceive, for it is obvious they have no noses, and uncertain if they have ears! But, four hundred years later, Virgil wrote that bees, on account of the niceness of the nose, should be placed where there are no ill-smelling things, and that noises frighten them because of the delicacy of their ears."

"How do the naturalists classify honey bees?" Edith asked; are they true insects?"

"They are classed as Articulates, which includes animals whose bodies are made up of rings, or segments, joined together in a linear series, and whose legs are jointed at the place of union with the body, so the bee is a true insect. Bees belong to the tribe *Hymenoptera,* having delicate membranous wings, together with a high degree of intelligence. The family of the honey bees is called *Apidae,* the insects of which have broad heads; elbowed antenæ, which are thirteen jointed in males and twelve jointed in females; jaws strong; tongue generally long; a tibial spur on the four anterior legs and the first joint of the posterior foot is flattened to form a pollen basket."

"Only think," cried Madge, "a bee carries a basket on its foot all the time!"

"Aunt Jane, can't you show it to us through the microscope?" said John.

"Yes, with pleasure, but to finish the description of the bee you must know that the larvæ are helpless worms. The bee's family, *Apidae,* is subdivided into genera; every genus reproduces itself. The name of the genus of bees is *Apis.* Genera are subdivided into species, and species into varieties. One of the species of honey bees is called *mellifica.*"

"Then I suppose," interrupted Howard, "that when a modern naturalist introduces the bee he says, "Mr. Apis Mellifica."

"Yes, though there are a number of the species which are well established, such as *Apis mellifica, Apis indica, Apis zonata, Apis unicolor,* and *Apis florea.* Our two common varieties are called the German or black bee, and the Italian of Ligusian. The latter were first imported into this country about 1860."

"Were any of the bees native of this country?" Alice inquired.

"No true honey bee is native here. Just when bees were first introduced is unknown. The Indians named them the 'white men's flies.'"

"Oh!" cried Edith, "don't you all remember what Longfellow makes his Indian warriors say on the advent of the European?

> "Wheresoe'er they move, before them
> Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
> Swarms the bee, the honey-maker."

"Yes, the true poet is fond of weaving the interesting facts of nature into his rhymes. Of course you all remember the pretty poem, 'Telling the Bees,' where Whittier utilizes an old superstition regarding the death of the mistress of the house."

"I know it; I recited it at school," cried Madge.

"Superstition invested the bee with a kind of awe, but science supercedes this with a more intelligent regard. The natural history of the bee reads like a fairy tale. You have all seen bees swarm. The great cluster of perhaps 20,000 bees is formed by the bees clinging to each other, each bee with its two forelegs hangs to the two hind legs of the one above it. Yet a bee can easily detach itself and pass from the center outward to the surface of the bunch."

"It is astonishing," Aunt Jane continued, "how rapidly the bees take possession of the hive, and how soon they will begin that ceaseless industry for which they are so famous. Care is taken to stop every crack with propolis to make the hive tight. The bee has eight little wax pockets which it empties by picking out the wax with the fore legs. It is moistened and worked by the mouth and then stuck to the top of the hive. A large number of bees soon make a ball of wax, and fly off for supplies. Then the nursing bees make holes in this wax by forcing their heads against it, and so the bases of the cells are formed in the same way on opposite sides, a series of hollows are made back to back all over the comb. The walls of the cells are made six-sided tubes which fill all the space, and with the use of the least possible quantity of wax. While the cells are being prepared, some bees are away gathering honey, and some are hanging in clusters in the hive digesting honey which forms wax and oozes out into the wax baskets. But as soon as a few inches of cells are ready the bees begin to store this honey. It has been gathered from the flowers by the use of the proboscis, or long under lip, which is now emptied through the mouth into the cell. It requires a number of bags to fill one cell. The bee also gathers pollen, moistens it and packs it in

her pollen baskets on the last pair of legs. This is the bee bread which the nursing bees mix with honey and feed to the young ones."

"Now here we have the relations of the bee and the flower," cried Alice. "Isn't it beautiful how things serve each other?"

"But just think of the cunning little bee with pollen baskets, and wax pockets, and honey bag and all that," exclaimed Madge.

"How many bees usually comprise a colony?" Howard questioned.

"A good one has about 80,000 workers, several thousand drones, and a queen who is the mother of the colony. She lives from two to four or even more years, and can be easily distinguished by her brighter color, greater length, shorter wings and majestic carriage,—'looking every inch the queen.' When about five days old she leaves the hive for a short time, accompanied by a guard of drones, whose sole use is the fecundation of the queen by one of them. She remains fertile through life, only leaving the hive again at swarming time. The queen deposits small, oval, bluish-white eggs in the cells, one in each, to the number, under favorable conditions, of two to three thousand a day. The egs hatch in three and a half days, and remain in the form of a worm three and a half days, when, having been fed, they are sealed over in the cells by the bees, where they remain fourteen days. When first covered up the larvæ spins a cocoon of silk around itself. In just twenty-one days it becomes a perfect bee, and eats itself out of cocoon and cell. In twenty-four hours, having been fed and well groomed by the nurses, it is ready for service inside the hive. The drones occupy larger cells and are longer in becoming mature. But the most wonderful thing in bee-dom is that the workers make some thimble-shaped cells much larger than the common ones. In these the queen deposits eggs which develop into queens solely, it seems, as if because of the larger size of the cells and the peculiar kind of food given the larva. It is not desirable for several queens to hatch at once hence the provision of depositing the eggs three days apart. The old queen destroys without mercy every young queen within her reach but the workers guard the cells to prevent this, and usually the mother queen assembles a swarm and departs just as the young princess is ready to appear. This princess, in turn, if things favor, goes out with an 'after swarm,' and when the next princess appears the bees allow her to kill, by stinging, every remaining occupant of the royal cells. She then rules without a rival. When the drones are no longer of use, the workers sting them to death and they cannot defend themselves, as they have no stings."

"And to think we have seen bees all our lives without knowing anything about them," cried Madge. "Do go on, Aunt Jane. What else do they do?"

"Division of labor is practiced by the bees, as several kinds of work are carried on, such as building, harvesting, storing, nursing, cleaning and ventilating. The latter is effected by the wings, and causes the humming noise heard within the hive. Bees near the opening face it and fan; other bees, with their backs to the entrance, carry the current on into all the passages until the air is cooled and purified in the most perfect manner. A veteran apirian says he learns something new, or, better appreciates some marvelous fact about his little charges, every year.

"I do wonder if a woman could manage an apiary? I'd like to have one some time," said Edith.

"It is a business so well adapted to women," was the reply, "that it is surprising more are not engaged in it. Bees are social little creatures, who learn very soon to know the wishes of the apiarist and only in rare cases use the sting. Should this happen, however, almost immediate relief is effected by the application of onion juice. The improved hive, the separator, the artificial wax foundation, have made bee keeping almost a pastime."

Birds and Nature. *Belle Paxson Drury.*

THE WOOD-VOICE

Would you learn of the Forest,
Its tears and its laughter,
The lore of the trail
Where the sunlight is pale
And the shadows creep after?

"I live in the trees—
I am always there, singing;
My song has no end,
And it knew no beginning.
Some call me the Wind,
Some the Wind's Little Brother—
I am the Wood-Voice,
Neither one nor the other.
The Wind is from far,
And he sings of great spaces;
I am small, and I sing
Of the dim woody places.
In my song is the note
Of the ferns and the mosses
That shrink in the shade
Of the maple that tosses
Free arms far above;
And that note from the thicket,
Insistent and clear,
Is the tiny wood-cricket!
Hush! Bend a quick ear.
Do you catch a note falling
So faint, yet so sweet?
'Tis the forest brook calling
As, ceaseless, it slips
Through the tangle above it
To linger awhile
With the flowers that love it.
Look deep in its heart:
There the ghost-leaves are lying
In that strange other life
Which they enter by dying.
Step soft: you will hear them
Still whisper together
Of the wind and the sun
And the sweet summer weather.
And now a new note!
(Few indeed who have heard it
Knew 't was aught save a branch
And the wind that had stirred it!)
'Tis the tall standing pine
Who in whispers engages
A spruce bending near—
And the secrets of ages
Pass soft overhead!
Hush! Be still; you will hear them,
Nor fear to believe,
Since all heaven is near them!"

Would you learn of the Forest,
Its tears and its laughter?
Go follow the trail
When the sunlight lies pale
And the shadows creep after!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

St. Nicholas.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE WAR SITUATION.

In a letter to the secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, Dr. David Starr Jordan makes the following splendid analysis of the war situation:

"I feel confident that the civil authorities, as well as the well-informed citizenship in each of the belligerent countries, already recognizes these facts:

"(*a*) That the Great War is working havoc without parallel in the best racial elements in all nations concerned, thereby exhausting the near future and bringing subsequent impoverishment, physical and mental, to the race.

"(*b*) That an intolerable burden of sorrow and misery is thrown on the women and children in the various nations—those who had no part in bringing on the war and no interests to be served by it.

"(*c*) That no possible gain, economic or political (the integrity of Belgium and France being assured), can compensate any nation for the loss, distress and misery involved in this war and aggravated by every day of its continuance.

"(*d*) That no probability exists that military operations in any quarter, on land or sea, can of themselves bring the war to an end.

"(*e*) That sweeping victory on either side, even if attainable, would not contribute to the solution of the problems of Europe, being sure to leave an increasing legacy of hate with the seeds of future wars.

"(*f*) That a conference of representatives of the civil authority in the nations concerned, those still at peace, as well as those belligerent, could at this time bring about an honorable peace to the advantage of each one of the nations concerned."

AN INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS

This meeting is to be held in San Francisco Oct. 10 to 12, 1915, under the joint management of local peace organizations, and Dr. Frederick Lynch, secretary of the Church Peace Union, and Arthur D. Call, secretary of the American Peace Society. Chancellor David Starr Jordan is to act as president, backed by ten notable vice-presidents. The purpose of the Congress is thus set forth in the preliminary announcement:

First—To bring together recognized leaders in public affairs from all nations, including representatives from all religious, peace, educational, legal, commercial, labor and socialistic organizations, in order to unite them into one great constructive organization to work for the abolition of war.

Second—To present a program, which, in its discussion and printed results, shall make such compelling impact upon world thought as speedily to hasten the overthrow of the military idea,, or fallacy of force.

Third—To discuss up-to-date, practical plans for effective international cooperation in the substitution of Christian principles and just laws for the Rule of Force.

To this end, we suggest these lines of discussion:

(1) The extension of the principles of Conciliation and Arbitration to all International disputes.

(2) The formation of an International Peace League.

(3) The organization of a World Court for the Judicial Settlement of International Difficulties.

Fourth—To consider the problem of adequate National Protection.

DOCTORS TO FURTHER INTERNATIONAL MORALITY

While the members of various professional bodies of the warring nations appear to be flying as far as possible apart and building up insuperable barriers, the medical profession is setting an example in just the opposite procedure. Of all professions outside military they have of course been nearest to the scenes of conflict, and as their business is to heal they are justly forehanded in healing some of the spiritual wounds as well as physical A Brotherhood is now in process of formation, under the presidency of Dr. S. J. Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute, whose announced purpose is the "furtherance of international morality." Their appeal to men and women in medical practise admits that the Brotherhood under contemplation "could not exercise an important influence at once;" but they feel that their modest expectations should not prevent them from attempting to take the first step in the right direction. As a preliminary survey of the world's state of mind and the peculiar relationship sustained to the present embroilment by doctors and nurses, the appeal thus declares itself:

"The present horrible war among civilized nations has brought out impressively certain sad facts: that altho there are civilized individual nations, we are still very far from having a ciivlized humanity—there is an abyss between intranational and international morality; that no matter how cultured and enlightened nations may be, they still settle their international differences by brute force, by maiming and killing their adversaries; and, finally, that the present high development of science and invention in individual nations only serves to make the results of this war more destructive than any other in history.

"The war has demonstrated, however, one encouraging tact, namely, that among all the sciences and professions, the medical sciences and medical practise occupy an almost unique relationship to warfare, and that among all the citizens of a country at war medical men and women occupy a peculiar and distinctive position.

"No discovery in medical science has been utilized for the purpose of destroying or harming the enemy. Medical men in each of the warring countries are as courageous, as patriotic, as any other citizens, and are as ready to die or to be crippled for life in the service of their country as any other class of their fellow countrymen. Their services, however, consist in ministering to the sick and to the injured and in attending to the sanitary needs. Furthermore, they often risk their lives by venturing into the firing-line to bring the injured to places of safety and to attend to their immediate needs. In these heroic and humanitarian acts friend and foe are treated alike. Finally, the majority of the members of the medical profession and of the medical journals of the neutral as well as of the warring countries abstain from public utterances that might be grossly offensive to any of the belligerent nations.

"These facts—this advanced moral position in international relations which medicine and its followers are permitted to occupy in all civilzed nations—ought to be brought to the full consciousness of the men and women engaged in the medical sciences or in medical practise. Such a realization could not fail to have an elevating influence upon the medical profession itself, and would probably exert a favorable influence upon the development of international morality in general.

"At the dawn of history, medical men were frequently also the exponents of philosophy and morals. In the Middle Ages, when knowledge became specialized, medical men more and more devoted their activity exclusively to the medical practise. Because of its inefficiency at that time medicine lost its prestige. In recent times, however, medicine is becoming an effective science; one marvelous discovery has followed another, and the efficiency of medical practise has been rapidly increasing. Medicine makes habitable to man hitherto uninhabitable parts of the world. It prevents disease; and, with increasing theoretical and practical efficiency, medicine is learning to alleviate and cure disease and injuries. Medical sciences and medical men have steadily risen in the esteem of civilized mankind. May not the medical sciences and medical men become again the standard-bearers of morality, especially of international morals?"

The absolute neutrality of this new movement is vouched for in the final paragraph:

"It should be expressly understood that it is not the object of the proposed Brotherhood to influence the feelings and views of any one regarding the problems involved in the present war. It is desired merely to bring to the full consciousness of the members of the medical profession the exceptional moral position which all civilized nations, even while at war, permit and expect medical men to occupy, at least so long as they remain in the medical profession and act in this capacity. This consciousness can not fail to elevate the moral standards of physicians. Furthermore, after the close of the present war, the Brotherhood could without doubt facilitate the reunion of the members of the medical profession of all the nations which are now at war and increase good feeling among them. A humanitarian body such as this proposed Brotherhood, if already in existence and ready for service, might and could be of the greatest usefulness in many ways."

The following officers are members of the Executive Committee: President, Dr. S. J. Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Rufus Cole, of Rockefeller Hospital, and Dr. S. Josephine Baker, of the Department of Child Hygiene; First Secretary, Dr. William J. Gies, Professor of Biological Chemistry at Columbia University; Second Secretary, Dr. Harlow Brooks, Professor of Clinical Medicine; Treasurer, Dr. Robert T. Morris, Professor of Surgery at the Post-Graduate Medical School.—*Literary Digest.*

THE RETURN OF AUGUST

Darkly a mortal age has come and gone
And man grown ancient in a single year.
August! The summer month is blasted sere
With memories earth bleeds to dream upon.

To dream upon! Ah, were we dreaming then
Ere Europe, blindfold, lulled in holiday,
Harkened the sudden thunder through her play
And fumbling held her breath to hark again.

Or is this blighted year our dream?—How swift
The blackening tempest fell! How vast, through fire
And cloud of Belgium's rape, a planet's ire
Flared on that pall of shame, while through the rift

The livid sorrows racked our sympathies!
For still thought burned unclouded: Right and Wrong
Strove for the palm as in an epic song:
And so we poured our succor overseas.

Neutral in act but never in our souls,
Yet guarding the brave goal of peace. Till soon—
Slow-warping to the waning year's blind moon—
The tide ebbed back, and in the freezing shoals

Westward upon the dead—the dead, whose mothers
Suckled them still in dreams. Stark 'mid the stench
And yellow choke that reeked from shell and trench
They lay together there—mere boys, and brothers.

Were these the epic hosts of Wrong and Right
Whose clash had whirled us in their spirits' war?
These silent boys! What had they battled for
To lie such still bedfellows in the night?

Must breath of dying brothers wake the brass
That thrills the call to arms? Shall ghostly lips
Summon the living to the dark eclipse
And all their dearest shout to see them pass

Merely for this: That these who might have shared
A simple hand-clasp share a bloodied sod?—
So for a while we gazed and questioned God:
A haunted while: for dimly as we stared

Far off we heard the multitudinous cry
Of mangled Poland like a cry in sleep,
And Servia fever-panting, and the deep
Half-breathed self-doubt of prisoned Germany,

And still far tidings blew, but that first spark
Of August splendor burned in them no more;
Pity and sorrow palled, and custom wore
A deeper callus and a blur more dark,

Till sudden—the Lusitania! Lightning shot
The unhallowed message, and a shuddering fire
Leapt from our long-charred hearts—a glowing spire,
And Europe's sword swung nearer to the knot

That ties the bonds of peace. And now—And now
The summer steals again toward winter's sleep,
The reaping time draws near—ah, what to reap?
And spring, that lurks beyond, comes hither—how?

. . . . . .

Still, O my Country, while we may, look back!
The blighted year cries from the charnel grass:
Must breath of dying brothers wake the brass
That thrills the call to arms?—A blood-sered track.

Leads backward to that other August day
Prowled by the still unglutted Minotaur;
But we, who watch to slay that beast of War,
Shall we hunt him or those he mangles?—Say:

For reason has its ire more just than hate;
Imagination has its master hour,
And pity its foil, and mother-love its power
Mightier than blood-lust and more obdurate.

My Country! poised in forward visioning,
With pity, love, and reason let us pray
Our lives shall serve to cleanse this August day!—

. . . . . .

The summer wanes: the plowman comes with spring.

—*Percy Mackaye.*

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THE PATH THROUGH THE SAGE-BRUSH

You do not know the sage-brush and the hills?
The heaped and hollowed sand that frets the sky
With barren front? The river-beds gone dry
At ever lower levels? Waste that fills
The ragged space between? And ruthless heat
That makes the thin air quiver and retreat?

You do not know the clumped growth interknit
With burning sand? The Ishmael-plant, so lean
It sucks volcanic ash for ashen green?
You have not caught the pungent breath of it?
You have not felt the strange, compelling stress
Of this persistent, haunting loneliness?

The wind is here; the great sun and the stars
Drop their impartial charity of light
On this wild place, with captivating flight
Of many-tinted shadows o'er the scars
That mark the tragic changes of a past
Lost in the early dawn of things at last.

There is no sign of man except a path
That enters at the east, and passes west
Until the sky-line cuts it from the rest;
What lies beyond may copy what eye hath
Of this supremely desolated land,
With one small, green oasis cupped in sand.

Behold, the path is empty, sky to sky;
The hills lift into mountains, drop to hills;
The sage-brush clumps and scatters where it wills;
No hint of destination greets the eye;
We only know the realm of man is near
Because this thread of beaten sand is here.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 19
Editorial Wanderings 21

CONTRIBUTED—
Tower Hill Congress.—A. L. K. 22
The Negro Prior to 1861.—C. G. WOODSON, Ph. D. 25
National Defense.—LUCIA AMES MEAD 29

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion. XXVIII. The Catholic Epistles I. and II. Peter, James and Jude 28

POETRY—
The Path Through the Sage-Brush.—MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE 17
The Message of Peace.—*Julia Ward Howe* 19
The Planting.—*Margaret Lee Ashley* 22
Drought.—*Madison Cowein* 25

THE FIELD—
The Church of the Disciples, Boston.—CLARA B. BEATLEY 30
A German Message.—*Friends' Fellowship Papers*. 30
The Sunday Commons of Boston.—CHARLES FLEISCHER, *Leader* 31
The Greatest Book in the World.—*Literary Digest* 31

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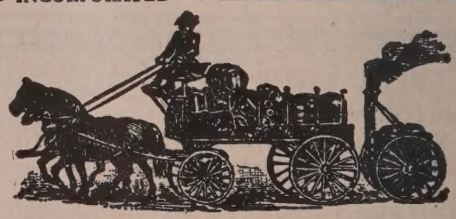

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